

CHRIST  
THE ONLY REFUGE

FROM

THE WRATH TO COME.

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To which is added,

*The Christian Drummer,*

An interesting Story.

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Also,

THE HISTORY AND ADVENTURES OF

Ben, the Soldier;

Giving an Account of his wonderful Conversion.

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## Christ the only Refuge, &c.

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**G**IVE me leave to relate an uncommon incident which happened, a little while ago, in this neighbourhood, and of which I myself was a spectator. The day was the Sabbath: the place appropriated to divine worship was the scene of this remarkable affair.

A boy came running into the church, breathless and trembling. He told, but in a low voice, those who stood near, that a press-gang was advancing to besiege the doors, and arrest the sailors. An alarm was immediately taken. The seamen, with much hurry, and no small anxiety, began to shift for themselves. The rest of the congregation, perceiving an unusual stir, were struck with surprise.—A whisper of inquiry ran from seat to seat, which increased by degrees into a confused murmur. No one could inform his neighbour; therefore every one was left to solve the appearance, from the suggestions of a timorous imagination. Some suspected the town was on fire. Some were apprehensive of an invasion from the French. Others looked up, and looked round to see if the walls were not giving way, and the roof falling upon their heads. In a few moments, the consternation became general. The men stood like statues, in silent amazement, and unavailing perplexity. The women shrieked a-

loud, and fell into fits. Nothing was seen but wild disorder; nothing heard but tumultuous clamour.—The Preacher's voice was drowned. Had he spoken in thunder, his message would scarcely have been regarded. To have gone on with his work, amidst such a prodigious ferment, had been like arguing with a whirlwind, or talking to a tempest.

This brought to my mind that great tremendous day, when the heavens will pass away, when the earth will be dissolved, and all its inhabitants receive their final doom.—If, at such incidents of very inferior dread, our hearts are ready to fail; what unknown and inconceivable astonishment must seize the guilty conscience, when the hand of the Almighty shall open those unparalleled scenes of wonder, desolation, and horror!—When the trumpet shall sound—The dead arise—The world be in flames—The Judge on the throne—And all mankind at the bar!

The trumpet shall sound, (1 Cor. xv. 52.) says the prophetic teacher, and how startling, how stupendous the summons! Nothing equal to it, nothing like it, was ever heard through all the regions of the universe, and all the revolutions of time.—When conflicting armies have discharged the bellowing artillery of war, or when victorious armies have shouted for joy of the conquest, the seas and shores have rung, the mountains and plains have echoed. But the voice of the Arch-angel, and the tramp of God, will resound from pole to pole. They will shake the pillars of heaven, and startle the dungeon of hell. They will penetrate the deepest recesses of the tomb. They will pour their amazing thunder into all those a-

bodes of silence. The dead, the very dead shall hear:

When the trumpet has sounded, The dead shall arise.—In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the graves open; the monumental piles are cleft asunder; and the nations under ground start into day. What an immense harvest of men and women, springing up from the caverns of the earth, and the depths of the sea! Stand awhile, my soul, and consider the wonderful spectacle—Adam, formed in Paradise, and the babe, born but yesterday, the earliest ages, and latest generations, meet upon the same level. Jews and Gentiles, Greeks and Barbarians, people of all climes and languages, unite in the promiscuous throng. Here those vast armies, which, like swarms of locusts, covered countries, which, with an irresistible sweep, overran empires; here they all appear, and here they are lost; lost like the small drop of a bucket, when plunged into the unfathomable and boundless ocean.—Oh! the multitudes! the multitudes! which these eyes shall survey, when God calleth the heavens from above and the earth that he may judge his people. What shame must flush the guilty cheek! What anguish wound the polluted breast! To have all their filthy practises and infamous tempers exposed before this innumerable crowd of witnesses! Fly, guilty sinners, instantly fly, earnestly fly to the purifying blood of Jesus, that all your sins may be blotted out, that you may be found unblameable and unreprouable in the presence of the assembled world, and, what is infinitely more to be revered, in the sight of the omnipotent God.

There is no more need of this habitable globe.

The elect have fought a good fight, and finished their course. The wicked have been tried, and found incorrigible. Woe be to the earth, and to the works thereof! Its streams are turned into pitch, its dust into brimstone, and the breath of the Almighty, like a torrent of fire, enkindles the whole—See, see, how the conflagration rages—spreads—prevails over all! The forests are in a blaze, and the mountains are wrapt in flame.—Cities, kingdoms, continents, sink into the burning deluge. London, Britain, Europe, are no more! Through all the receptacles of water, through all the tracts of land, through the whole extent of air, nothing is discernible but one vast, prodigious, fiery ruin.—Where are now the treasures of the covetous? Where the possessions of the mighty? Where the delights of the voluptuous? How wise, how happy are they whose portion is lodged in heavenly mansions! Their inheritance is incorruptible; such as the last fire cannot reach, nor the dissolution of nature impair.

But see, the azure vault cleaves. The expanse of heaven is rolled back like a scroll; and the Judge, the Judge appears! He cometh, cries a mighty seraph, the herald of his approach, He cometh, to judge the world in righteousness, and minister true judgment unto the people: He cometh, not as formerly, in the habit of a servant but clad with uncreated glory, and magnificently attended with the armies of heaven. Angels and the Archangels stand before Him, and ten thousand times ten thousand of those celestial spirits minister unto him.—Behold Him, ye followers of the Lamb, and wonder and love. This is He, who bore all your iniquities on the ignominious

Cross. This is He, who fulfilled all righteousness for the justification of your persons. Behold Him, ye despisers of his grace, and wonder and perish. This is He, whose merciful overtures you have contemned, and on whose precious blood you have trampled.

The great white throne, beyond description, is erected. The King of Heaven, the Lord of glory, takes his seat on the dreadful tribunal. Mercy, on his right hand, displays the olive branch of peace, and holds forth the crown of righteousness. Justice, on his left, poises the impartial scale, and unsleaths the sword of vengeance. While Wisdom and Holiness, brighter than ten thousand suns, beam in his divine aspect. What are all the preceding events to this new scene of dignity and awe! The peals of thunder sounding in the Archangel's trumpet, the blaze of a burning world, the strong convulsions of expiring nature; the unnumbered myriads of the dead starting into instantaneous life, and thronging the astonished skies; all these seem familiar incidents, compared with the appearance of the incarnate Jehovah.—Amazement, more than amazement, is all around. Terror and glory unite in their extremes. From the sight of his majestic eye, from the insupportable splendours of his face, the earth itself and the very heavens flee away.—How then—Oh, how shall the ungodly stand—stand in his angry presence, and draw near to this consuming fire.

Yet draw near they must, and take their trial, their decisive trial, at his righteous bar. Every action comes under examination. For each idle word they must give account. Not so much as a

a secret thought escapes his scrutiny. How shall the criminals, the impenitent criminals, either conceal their guilt or elude the sentence? They have to do with a sagacity too keen to be deceived; with a power, too strong to be resisted! and (oh! terrible, terrible consideration,) with a severity of most just displeasure, that will never relent, never be entreated more—What ghastly despair appear in their faces! What racking agonies rend their distracted hearts! The bloody axe and torturing wheel are ease, are down, compared with their prodigious woe. And (O holy God! wonderful is thy doings! fearful in thy judgments!) even this prodigious woe is the gentlest of visitations, compared with that indignation and wrath which are hanging over their guilty heads—which are even now falling on all the sons of rebellion—which will plunge them deep in aggravated and endless destruction.

And is there a last day? And must there come  
A sure, a fixed, irrecoverable doom?

Surely, then, “the main care of our lives should be to obtain peace and acceptation before the dreadful tribunal of God.” And what is sufficient for this purpose but righteousness? What righteousness, or whose? Our’s, or Christ’s? Our’s, in the inherent graces wrought in us, in the holy works wrought by us? Or Christ’s, in his most perfect obedience and meritorious satisfaction, wrought for us, and applied to us? God is as direct on this subject, as his word can make him; ever blazoning the defects of our own righteousness, every where extolling the perfect obedience of our Redeemer.

Behold! says the everlasting King, “I lay in

Sion, for a foundation, a stone; a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste." Isa. xxviii. 16. As this text contains so noble a display of our Saviour's consummate ability for his great work, as it is admirably calculated to preserve the mind from distressing fears, and to settle it in a steady tranquility, I will touch it cursorily with my pen.

How beautiful the gradation! How lively the account, and how very important the practical improvement! Come, look at the inscription which is engraven on this wonderful stone—Behold! Intended to rouse and fix our most attentive regard. The God of Heaven speaks. He speaks, and every syllable is balm; every sentence is rich with consolation. If ever, therefore, we have ears to hear, let us bend them to this speaker, and on this occasion.

A stone. Every thing else is sliding sand, is yielding air, is a breaking bubble. Wealth will prove a vain shadow; honour an empty breath: pleasure a delusory dream; our own righteousness a spider's web. If on these we rely, disappointment must ensue, and shame is inevitable. Nothing but Christ, nothing but Christ, can stably support our spiritual interests, and realize our expectation of true happiness. And blessed be the divine goodness! He is, for this purpose, not a stone only, but

A tried stone. Tried, in the days of his humanity, by all the vehemence of temptation, and all the weight of affliction; yet, like gold from the furnace, rendered more shining and illustrious by the fiery scrutiny.—Tried, under the capacity of a Saviour, by millions of millions of depraved,



wretched, ruined creatures, who have always found him perfectly able, and as perfectly willing, to expiate the most enormous guilt, to deliver from the most inveterate corruptions, and to save to the very uttermost, all that come unto God through him.

A corner stone. Which not only sustains, but unites the edifice; incorporating both Jews and Gentiles, believers of various languages, and manifold denominations—here, in one harmonious bond of brotherly love—hereafter, in one common participation of eternal joy.

A precious stone. More precious than rubies; the pearl of great price, and the desire of all nations.—Precious, with regard to the divine dignity of his person, and the unequalled excellency of his mediatorial offices. In these, and all respects, greater than Jonah, wiser than Solomon, fairer than the children of men, chiefest among ten thousand, and to the awakened sinner, or enlightened believer, altogether lovely.

A sure foundation. Such as no pressure can shake, equal, more than equal to every weight, even to sin, the heaviest load in the world.—The rock of ages, such as never has failed, never will fail, those humble penitents, who cast their burden upon the Lord their Redeemer; who roll all their guilt, and fix their whole hopes, on his immoveable basis.—Or, as the words may be rendered, A foundation! a foundation! There is a fine spirit of vehemency in the sentence, thus understood. It speaks the language of exultation, and expresses an important discovery. That which mankind infinitely want; that which multitudes seek, and find not; it is here! it is here!

This, this is the foundation for their pardon, their peace, their eternal felicity.

Whosoever believeth, though pressed with adversities, or surrounded by danger, shall not make haste. But, free from tumultuous and perplexing thoughts, preserved from rash and precipitate steps, he shall possess his soul in patience. Knowing the sufficiency of those merits, and the fidelity of that grace, on which he has reposed his confidence, he shall quietly, and without perturbation, wait for an expected end—And not only amidst the perilous or disastrous changes of life, but even in the day of everlasting judgment, such persons shall stand with boldness. They shall look up to the grand Arbitrator—look round on all the solemnities of his appearance—look forward to the unalterable sentence—and neither feel anxiety, nor fear damnation.

Reader, these awful scenes must pass before thine eyes, and thou wilt feel an interest in them, infinitely more impressiye and affecting than all thy present joys or sorrows. Let thy unworthiness, fear, and guilt, be now ever so great, there is hope concerning thee; for Jesus is ‘exalted a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance and remission of sins;’ but when thou shalt see, ‘thy God in glory, and the world on fire,’ nothing will then remain for thee, but a ‘certain fearful looking for of judgment, and fiery indignation;’ or the immediate and happy expectation of being received ‘into the joy of the Lord.’ May God deliver thee from the bitter pains of eternal death, and bestow on thee the glorious blessings of everlasting life and salvation!

## The Christian Drummer.

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IN the summer of 1819, when travelling in Ayrshire with Mr. H——, preaching in the various towns and villages which we visited; arriving at a considerable town in the south, we stopped at the principal inn. After dinner, we requested the master of the inn to send for the bellman of the town, to give notice of a sermon for the evening. In about a quarter of an hour he reported that neither the bellman nor boy were at home. In a little time he returned to tell us he had seen a Drummer belonging to an English regiment then stationed in the town, whom he had asked to intimate the sermon, and that he was gone to the commanding officer to obtain his permission. In a short time the Drummer, about forty years of age, came into our room, wearing a large Hungarian cap. He told us that the commanding officer had no objection to his intimating the sermon, and asked us what he should say. We desired him to inform the inhabitants that there would be sermon in the middle of the town precisely at seven o'clock in the evening.

When he was gone, we went out to take a walk along the banks of the river which ran at the back of one of the streets. When we came to a part of the river where there was only a high wall between us and the street, the Drummer beat his drum behind it. We stopped to overhear what he would say. After intimating what we had desired him, he made the following address;

‘Now, my friends, I hope you will all come and hear this sermon. The Gospel is to be preached as free as from the lips of Jesus Christ himself, for there is to be no collection. Ho, évery one that thirsteth, and he that hath no money, come buy wine and milk without money and without price.’

On hearing this intimation, we looked at each other with considerable surprise, and remarked that we certainly should have a large congregation, which was the case. The Drummer was the only soldier present, owing to the evening parade being at the same hour in the skirts of the town; but the commanding officer had said to him, ‘John, as you are to intimate this sermon, I suppose you would like to hear it, so you need not attempt parade to-night, but go and hear the sermon.’

After sermon we invited the Drummer to call upon us at the inn. When he came, Mr. H— offered him two shillings for his trouble, in giving the intimation. He looked rather surprised at being offered any remuneration, and said, ‘Sir, I will not have money. I am as much interested in the propagation of the Gospel as you are. I never went with so much pleasure through a town with a drum in all my life; we have been laying here six or seven weeks, and I have not found one Christian yet in the whole town. I thought when you were to preach—now God may perhaps convert some of these people by this sermon. We have two short sermons in this town on Sabbath; I do not know what is preached, but sure I am that it is not the Gospel.’

We then asked him to sup with us. He answered, ‘I must go and consult my wife; if she

has no objection, I am sure I have none.' He returned in a few minutes, when we placed him at the head of the table. Then we requested that as many of the family, &c. as could attend worship would come up stairs. The family, waiters, servants, hostlers, and two or three ladies from the neighbourhood, attended. As usual, we read a chapter in the Bible, gave a short address from it to the company present, and went to prayer.

After supper, we requested the Drummer to favour us with his history, which he did with great modesty in the following words, which are nearly his own :

'I have been (said he) twenty-four years in the navy and army together ; till four years ago I was the wickedest wretch in either. Our regiment was then lying at Hull. I was seized with an unaccountable melancholy ; it was not about religion ; I do not know what it was, but I was miserable. One evening as I was walking on the common very unhappy, I observed a church lighted up, which convinced me there was to be a sermon preached in it, but I durst not go, lest my comrades should laugh at me for attending a sermon on week-day. I knelt down on the common, and prayed to God to give me courage to go to church. When I rose from prayer, I went directly to church. The minister was preaching on believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. Immediately when I was seated, the minister said, 'If it could be of the smallest service to the meanest person present, I would come down from the pulpit, and on my bended knees beseech that person to believe on the Lord Jesus.' Thought I, this must be a mighty matter surely, that a gentleman would

come down from the pulpit, and on his bended knees beseech a poor Drummer to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. That, with the remainder of the sermon made a deep impression on my mind. I went home to my wife. She met me at the door. I said to her, Jane, we are all wrong: we are living like beasts, we know nothing about believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. Poor thing! she trembled, for she thought I had lost my reason: but (said I) Jane, I am not mad, but you and I are going to destruction. I understand that the Bible will tell us every thing; but we have not a Bible, and if we had, we cannot read it. O, said she, we can buy a Bible, and our little boy, who is only twelve miles off, can read it to us. Accordingly we sent for our boy, and also bought a Bible. When he came home, we desired him to begin at the first page, and so forward to the end of the book, we often gave him two suppers to keep him from sleep, for he got drowsy with reading.

‘I used to rise very early in the morning to hear more of the Bible; but I would say, it is cruel to wake my boy so early, and would give him another hour of sleep. Then he rose, and began to read where he had stopped the preceding night; and we both sat listening to our boy reading the book. He read slowly, for he had many words to spell. At length God opened my poor blind eyes to see that Jesus Christ was the very Saviour that I stood in need of. O how happy I was! Our boy read onward, and after some time the Lord was pleased to open the poor blind eyes of my wife, so that she saw in Jesus Christ just what I saw. Now we became one of the happiest families in all Hull.

‘I put myself to school, that I might learn to read, and in a few months I was able to read nearly as well as my little boy. I determined that my house should be a house of prayer, and my door open to all who should chuse to come. I told my comrades that I had now begun to pray to God, and read his word every morning and evening, and that I should be glad of their company. Several attended to make sport; when I could not make out a long word then they all laughed; but I thought, now a few months ago I should have laughed at these things as well as they; but if God opens their eyes as he has mine, they will laugh no more at such things. I read on as well as I was able. By-and-by some of them became very serious; but drink and wicked company did them much injury. One of them, however, remains very stedfast to this day.’

Mr. H——had intimated after his sermon, that I should preach at the same place next morning, precisely at nine o’clock. This, unknown to us, was the place and hour of parade every morning. At the officers’ mess in the evening, a waiter whispered to one of the officers at table, that there was to be a session on the parade ground next morning, and a congregation to hear the sermon. I think, said the officer, we shall have no parade, but shall go with our men and hear the sermon; which they did accordingly.

It is probably that all this countenance given to the preaching of the Gospel, proceeded from the prudent conduct of the pious Drummer. Much of the private opposition made to the Gospel has arisen from the imprudent conduct of some of its professors.

The history of this Drummer can hardly be read without interest, at the same time it may be read without accomplishing the design of its publication. If it does not produce a desire to obtain a better acquaintance with God, and the way of salvation, by means of the Scriptures of truth, it has been of little service to the reader.

It was well for the Drummer that he followed the advice of the minister: many would have excused themselves by saying, they could not read, and therefore a Bible would be useless to them; but the Drummer was in earnest about the matter, he could not have peace of mind till he heard what God had made known in the Holy Scriptures. Had he not had a child of his own who could read, he would probably have hired the child of some other person to read for him. When people are in earnest about a thing, it is wonderful what difficulties they will overcome in order to acquire it: like a person having property left by a deceased friend, should the will happen to be in Latin, which he could not read, would he not soon find ways and means to obtain a translation, that he might know the nature and extent of the property left him? undoubtedly he would.

Now the glorious Gospel of the blessed God contains a revelation of his love and mercy to the world—of a full and free salvation from sin and misery to glory and happiness for ever, through Jesus the only begotten Son of God, and an assurance that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing to men their trespasses. All this, and the evidence of its truth, is exhibited in the Scriptures, in the most plain, full, and satisfactory manner, and every one is cal-



led upon to search and see this salvation of God; but the man who neglects the means within his reach, for obtaining acquaintance with so great salvation, is considered by God as despising his grace, and shall be miserable for ever.

Though the Drummer was no coward, yet when he knew his danger as a sinner against God, he was greatly alarmed, and had no peace until he obtained some hope of mercy through Jesus Christ. A braver man David, king of Israel, never breathed; many successful battles did he fight at the head of his armies, but he trembled at sin as an offence against the infinite Majesty of Heaven; he knew well it was a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of an angry God.

Friendly reader, have you seen your danger as a guilty creature?—If you have, lose no time in coming to God through Jesus Christ for mercy, for—Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation; to-morrow it may be gone for ever! Therefore seek the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near; make mention of the righteousness of Jesus, and of his only, in all your approaches to a holy, heart-searching and righteous God.

## BEN THE SOLDIER.

IN a pleasant village, about 100 miles from London, situated on the banks of a small river, and at the bottom of a high hill, dwelt an honest hard-working old couple, named Timothy and Deborah Clay. Timothy was a ploughman, and worked for farmer Hayfield; and Deborah used to weed in the fields, and do other jobs, but was now past hard labour, and employed herself in spinning worsted, and knitting stockings for her husband and grandson. They had only one daughter, who died when Benjamin, her child, was an infant, as did her husband soon afterwards of a violent fever; upon which the old couple took the little orphan, and brought him up with the greatest care and tenderness they were capable of.

As they had some difficulty to make both ends meet, they could not afford to send him to school, but put him to work as soon as he was able to do any thing, so that when he was nine years old, he did not know a letter of the alphabet, and as there was no church in the village, he knew nothing about God and his Son Jesus Christ, but was as ignorant of his Bible, as a heathen or a hottentot.

About this time some good people hired a room at old Dame Motherley's, and opened a

Sunday School, where they instructed the poor ignorant children to read their Bibles, (and on Thursday evenings to write) and the young men who attended it, Mr. Paul Christian, and Mr. Barnabas Lovesoul, took great care to catechize them, and explain to them the meaning of what they read. To this school was Benjamin regularly sent.

When he was thirteen years of age, his grandmother died, and his grandfather departed this life the year following. Farmer Hayfield's lease expired at the same time, and Mr. Nabal Squeezepoor, a rich overgrown farmer, took the farm. Mr. Squeezepoor, whose name expressed his nature, would not give Ben sufficient wages to keep soul and body together, so that the poor boy was obliged to leave his service, and seek for a better master.

Benjamin remembered he had read in his Bible at the Sunday School 'that God provideth food for the ravens,' and says, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me;" he therefore fell down upon his knees, and prayed to God, for Jesus Christ's sake, not to let him starve; but to provide for him in some way or other. The Bible speaks of God as a God hearing and answering prayer, and Ben found him to be so, for God provided for him by means of Mr. Christian, who recommended him to Mr. Lancet, an eminent apothecary at Wedgley, a market town about 11 miles off, who wanted a stout active lad to carry out his medicines: at the same time earnestly exhorting him to keep the Sabbath day holy, to study his Bible, to pray to God regularly and fervently, and to avoid loose and idle company.

He acquitted himself in his new place highly to the satisfaction of his employer, and attended public worship as often as he had opportunity. But alas! for poor Ben, Dr. Lancet was little better than an infidel, and cared neither for his own soul, nor for the souls of his servants. The maids in the kitchen, and the young men in the shop, were perpetually sneering at him as a Methodist, so that between the one and the other, he had but a sorry life of it. The clergyman of the parish, however, observing he was a serious steady boy, took notice of him, and frequently gave him good advice, and put some religious books and tracts into his hands.

In this way he went on for more than nine months. If he had lived in a better family, perhaps he might have been a truly pious youth, and if it had not been for the kind care of the minister, and his old school-masters, he had probably been led away from every thing that is good. It is a great blessing indeed for a young person to live in a holy Christian family.

One afternoon, Bob Buck, Dr. Lancet's apprentice, and Fuddle, the shopman, prevailed upon Benjamin to go with them to a neighbouring fair, determined, as he was a sober moral lad, to make him drunk; and as he was not used to liquor, a small quantity overcame him: while they continued plying him with more, till he was quite intoxicated. In this situation a recruiting sergeant got hold of him, slipped a shilling into his hand, and enlisted him.

The next morning Ben found himself much indisposed in body, and still more so in mind. His reflections were of the most painful sort:—

‘Alas! (exclaimed he) what have I done! I have committed the worse than beastly sin of drunkenness, and sold my liberty. Ah! how often has my dear Mr. Christian, and Mr. Love-soul cautioned me against fairs and such wicked places, and to beware of bad company. A sin is soon committed, but I find by sad experience that the bitter effects of it are not soon over.— The pleasures of sin are short, but the punishment of it is lasting. ‘God be merciful to me a vile sinner.’

A day or two afterwards he was marched to London; and as he was an awkward clumsy lad, he could not easily acquire the air and gait of a soldier. Many a chuck under the chin did he get to make him hold his head up, and many a knock of the shins to make him turn his toes out.

He continued in England for about four years, during which time he experienced the truth of the apostle’s remark, ‘Evil communications corrupt good manners.’ By degrees he forgot the good things he had learned at the Sunday-School, and at the church. His conscience, indeed would not suffer him to swear, and sin so shamefully as many of his comrades did, yet he was awfully altered for the worse. ‘Though not one of the most notorious sinners,’ he was far from being a holy character, as every Christian should be, whatever station of life he may be in.

He was then sent abroad to the continent to fight the French. The scenes of blood and slaughter which he saw, shocked him, and conscience, which had been pretty quiet for some time, now began to disturb him exceedingly; and a thousand times did he lament that he had

gone into temptation, 'and thereby fallen into evil.'

They lay under arms during the whole of one night, expecting to be attacked every minute. Ben was much alarmed and distressed, for he feared, lest in case of his being killed, that holy God, against whom he had sinned, would assuredly cast him into hell. He mentioned his apprehensions to a serious elderly man who was next to him. who replied, 'You see, young man, that a guilty conscience makes a coward. Many people make shift to live without religion, but it is hard to die without it;' 'Religion, (exclaimed a profane wretch with a sneer,) it's all in my eye.' 'Fools make a mock at sin, (replied the old soldier;) you have imbibed the horrid sentiments of Tom Paine.' 'Aye! (said the other,) and I am not to be hummed with your cant.' 'God be praised, (said Ben,) though I am a vile sinner, I am not an infidel.' 'But are you a Christian?' replied the old soldier. 'I hope I am,' returned Ben. 'Have you reason to believe that you are washed in the blood of Christ, and born again of the Holy Ghost?' enquired the pious veteran. Benjamin paused, and replied with a trembling voice, 'I fear not. Would that I was.' 'Ah! young man, (said the old soldier,) what a melancholy thing it is when people neglect religion, till danger and death stare them in the face. It is dangerous trusting to a death-bed repentance, for those who live in sin commonly die in sin. It is not enough to be born and baptized in a Christian country; much more is necessary. Jesus Christ died upon the cross to make atonement for sin, yet we shall

not be saved unless we believe in him according to the Gospel. I have been a follower of Christ for more than twenty years, and I would not part with my hope for a thousand worlds. I am not afraid of dying, for I can say, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" "It is more than I can," (said Ben,) with a deep sigh. "People, (added the old soldier,) have very low notions of Christianity. Christians are holy people, for God makes them so. They are dead to sin, and alive to God. Christ did not shed his precious blood that men might live in sin, without fear of hell, but that he might redeem them from all iniquity, and purify to himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works — At this moment the French attacked them; about twenty of the English fell at the first fire, and a musket ball knocked off the cap of the profane scoffer at religion. — Terrified, he exclaimed, 'The Lord have mercy upon me? if I am killed, I shall be damned; — Oh! if I get out of the battle alive, I will be a Christian.' But, alas! God whom he had despised, now despised him; at the next volley another ball went through his head, carrying away his fore teeth, and the back part of his skull. (It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God,) and another wounded Ben in the knee. The French, after some sharp fighting were repulsed.

In consequence of his wound, Ben received his discharge, and was sent back to England. During his confinement in the hospital, he thought much of former times, and of the religious instructions he then received, and felt the impor-

tance of them; and determined to give himself up to God, to serve him in holiness and righteousness all the days of his life; trusting his soul to the Lord Jesus Christ, to save him from eternal misery. He was sensible that his own goodness could not save him, and therefore esteemed it a great mercy that God would save him through the righteousness of Jesus Christ.

When he arrived at Wedgley, the pious clergyman, and his other friends were rejoiced to find that God had dealt so graciously with him, and made him a Christian in reality, as well as in name. They got him the place of foreman to a neighbouring farmer, who being frequently troubled with the rheumatism, could not always work at his farm. Sally Rosebud, his pretty cherry-cheeked daughter, soon conceived a sneaking kindness for Benjamin, who thought he discovered in her every thing he could wish for in woman. The good old farmer presently perceived it, and wisely considering that a pious husband would make his pious daughter happier than a rich one, cheerfully gave his consent, and Benjamin Gracious and Sally Rosebud were accordingly married. Mrs. Gracious is just recovered from her first lying in, having produced her husband a fine chubby boy.

*FINIS.*